Buck Rogers

25th Century A.D.

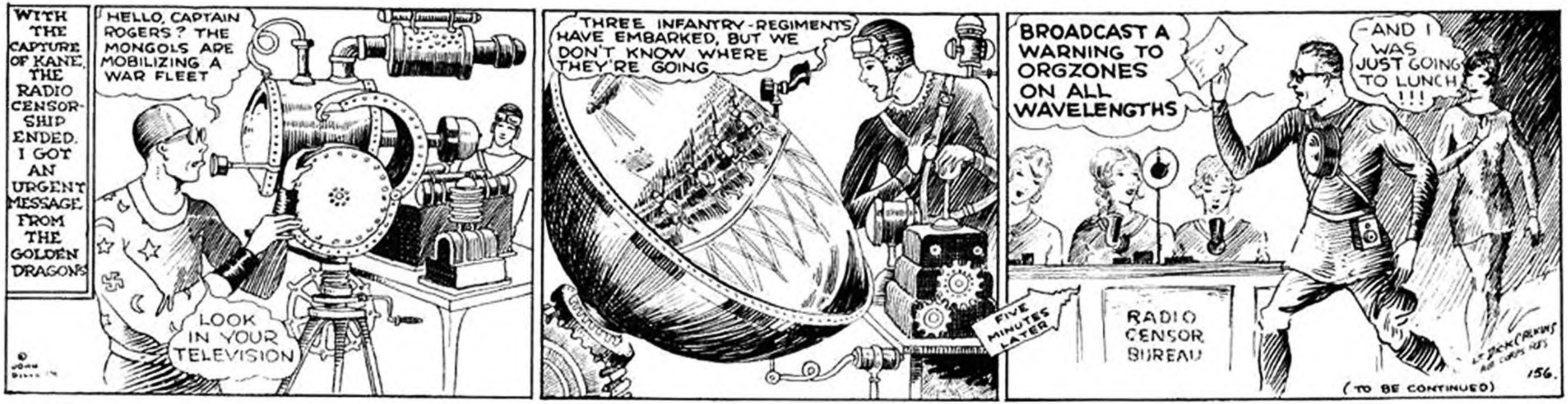
Daily Story 002

"Capturing the Mongol Emperor"

July 6, 1929 to October 9, 1929

Series I Strips 156 to 237

by Philip Nowlan and Dick Calkins



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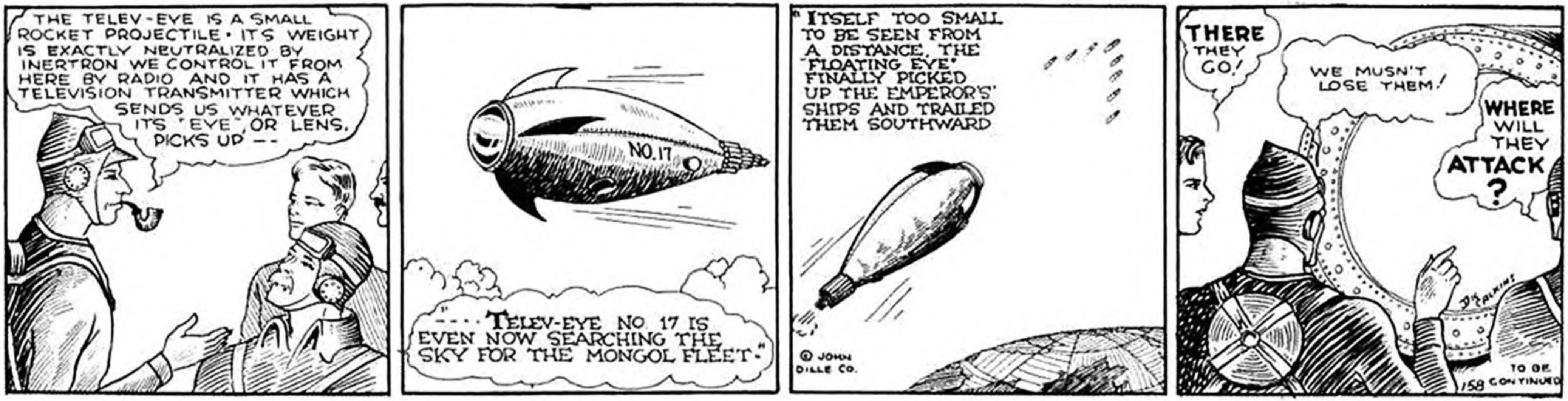

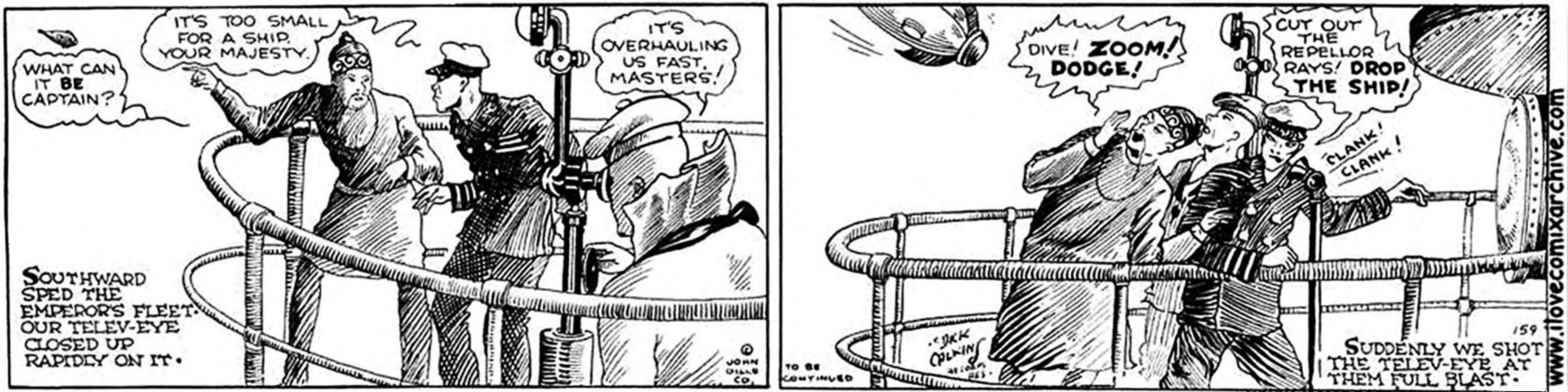

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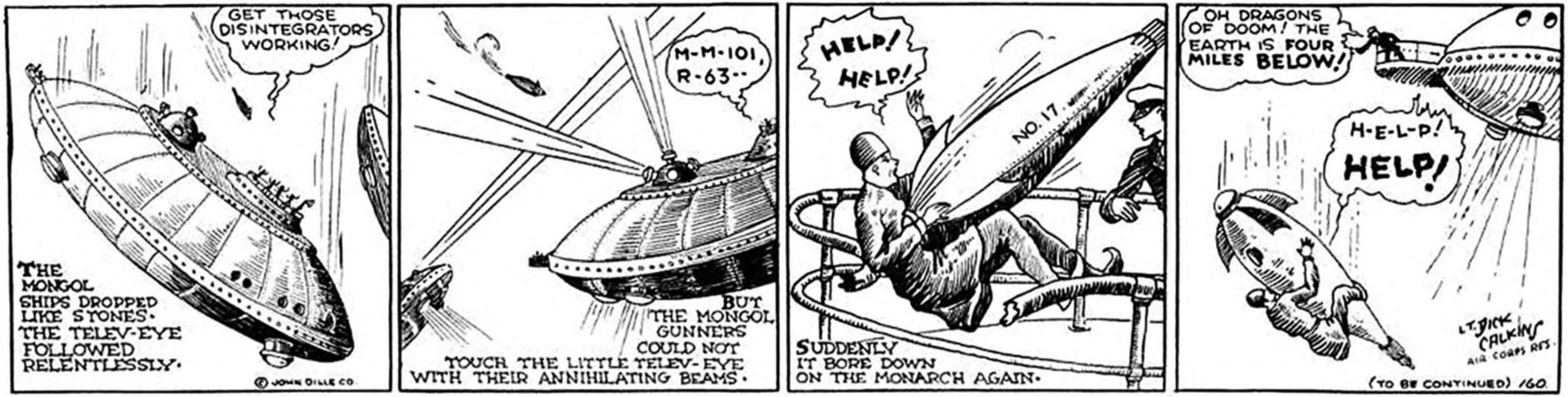

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THE TELEV-EYE, HAVING A ZERO WEIGHT BALANCE, COULD NO MORE ACT AS AN ANTI-GRAVITY DEVICE THAN A FEATHER. BUT AT 500 FEET WILSON SUCCEEDED IN NOSING IT UP UNDER ROCKET POWER, BY RADIO CONTROL
©JOHN DILLE CO.
BY CLEVER MANIPULATION, HE BALANCED IT SO, CHECKING THE FALL BY A DOWN-BLAST.
AND GENTLY THE MONGOL MONARCH –
– DROPPED INTO THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA.
162
TO BE CONTINUED

AS THE MONGOL MONARCH PLUNGED INTO THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA OUR TELEV-EYE WENT DEAD SHORT CIRCUTED BY THE WATER.
BUCK, MON, GO OOT AND BRING ME BACK THAT EMPEROR OR PROOF HE'S DEAD.
I'LL TAKE THREE ROCKET SHIPS
©JOHN DILLE CO
I TELL YOU IT'S DANGEROUS, NO WORK FOR A GIRL!
APPLE SAUCE! I'M AS GOOD A SOLDIER AS YOU ARE
WILMA WAS ANGRY BECAUSE I WOULDN'T TAKE HER WITH ME.
ALL READY, SIR
WON'T YOU EVEN SAY GOOD BYE, WILMA?
NO!
HE N-N-NEVER SAID G-G-G-GOOD BYE!
WHAT DO I CARE IF SHE DIDN'T SAY GOOD BYE!
TO BE CONT'D
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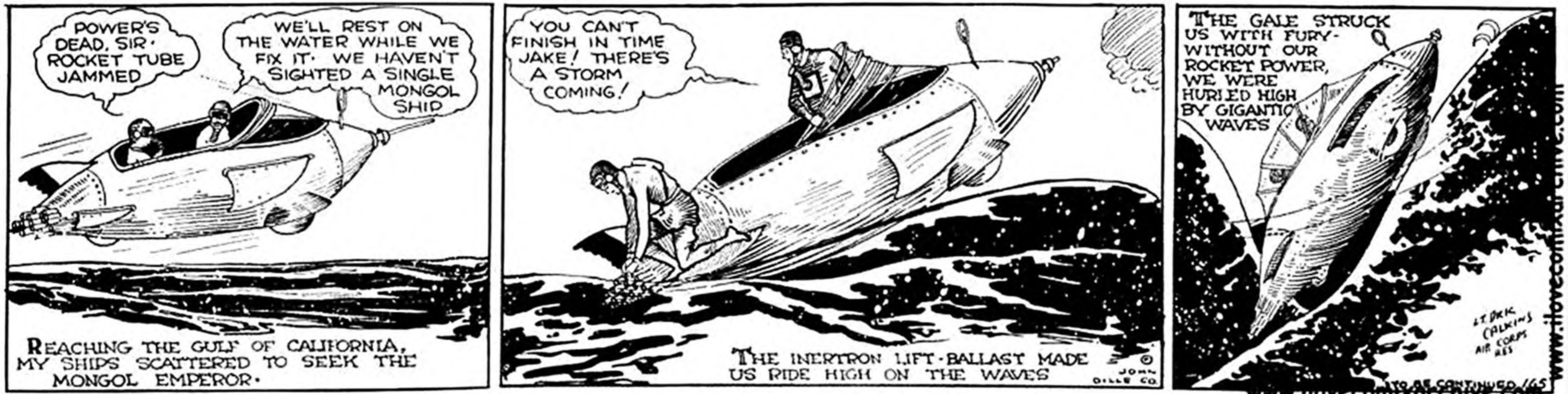

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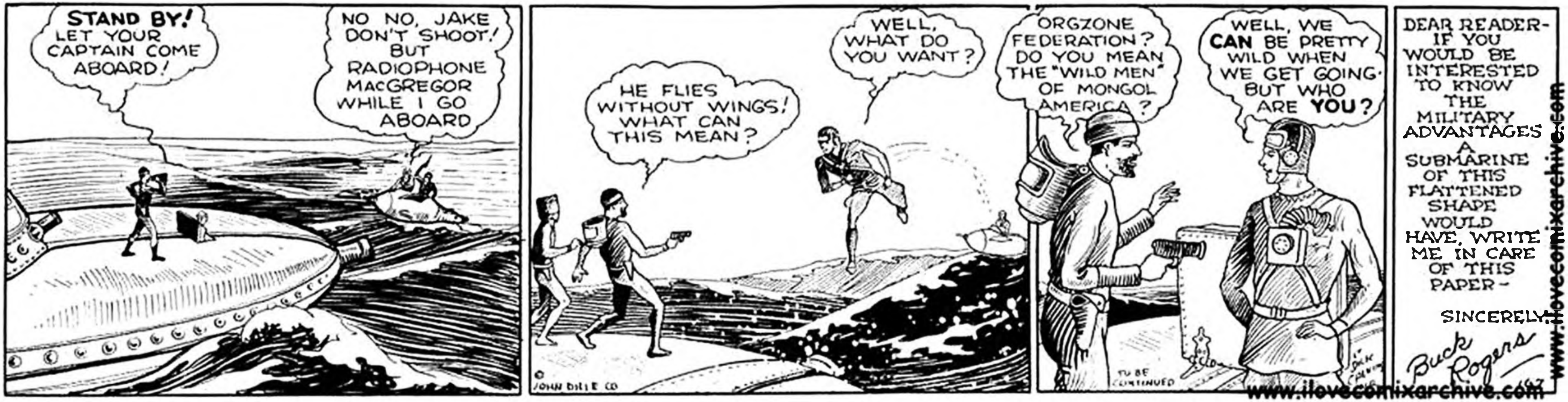

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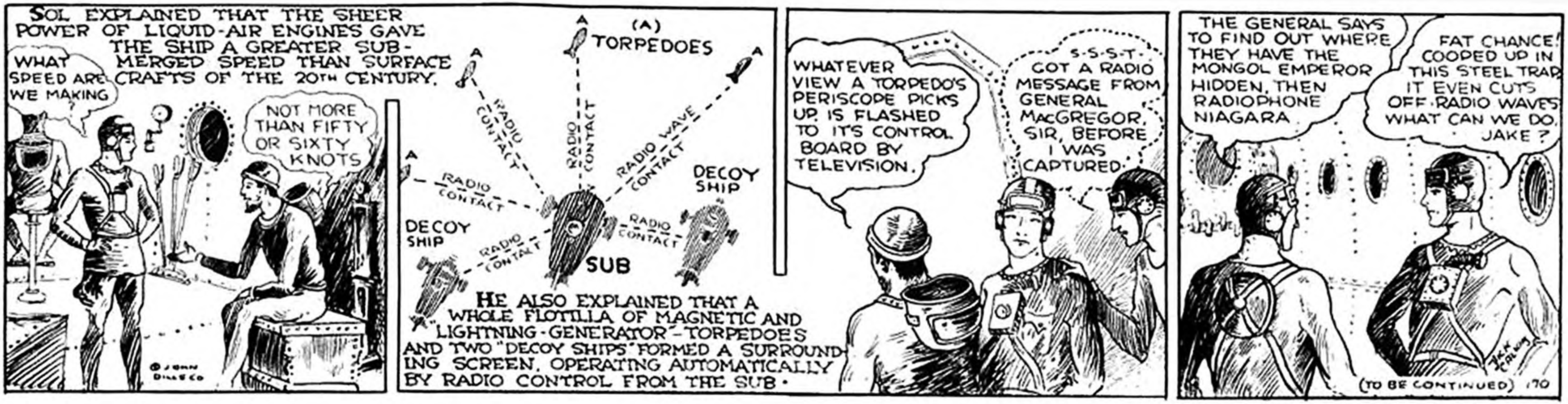

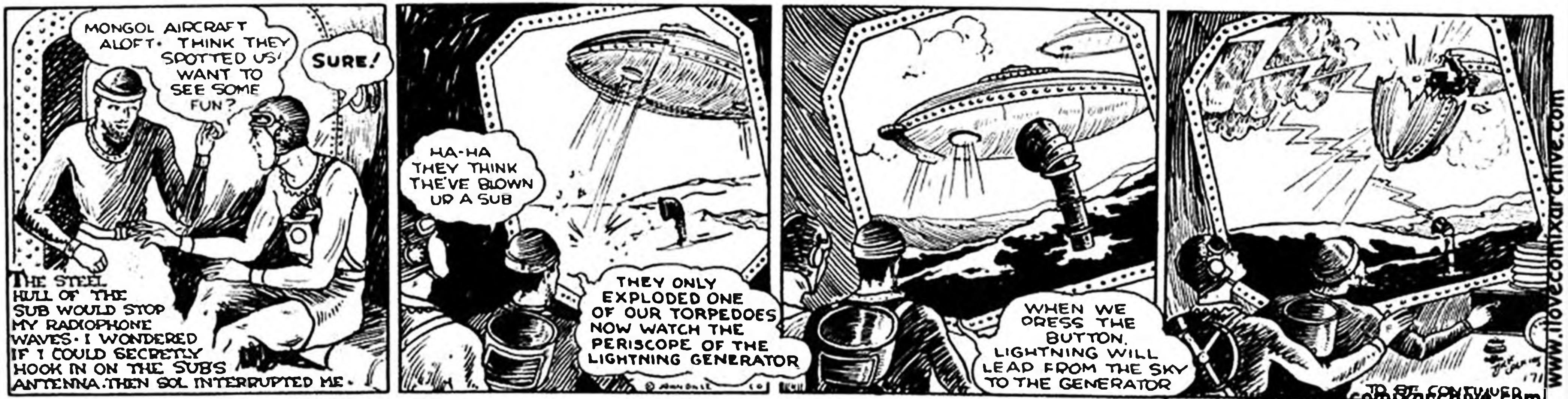

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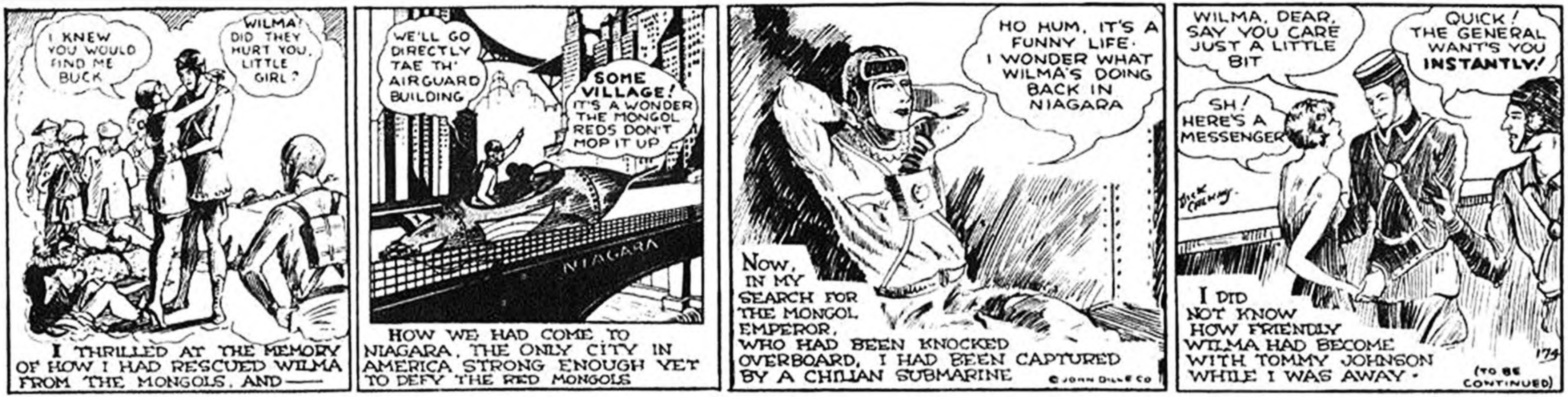

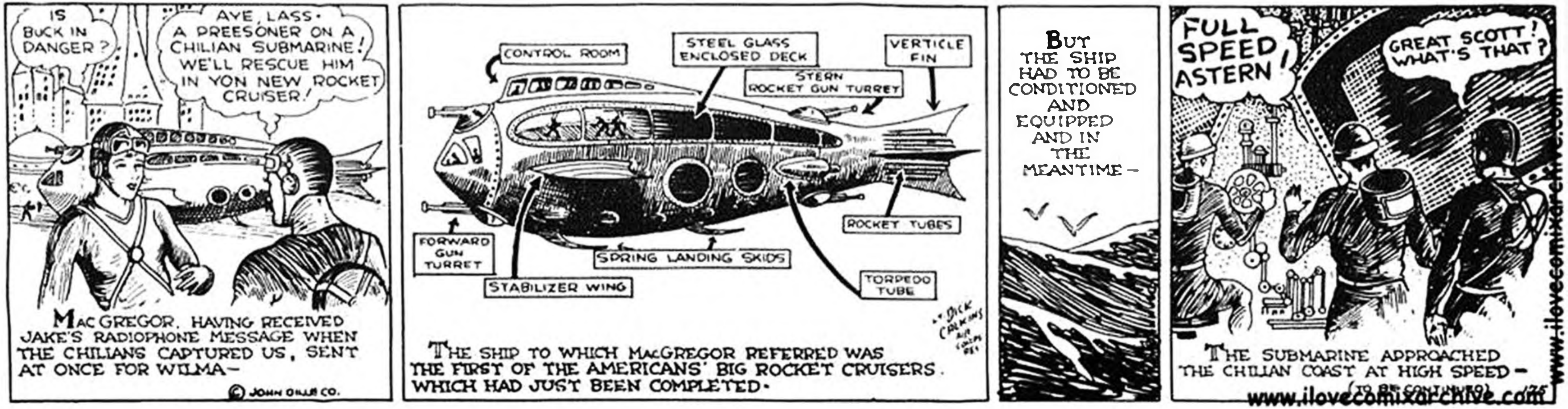

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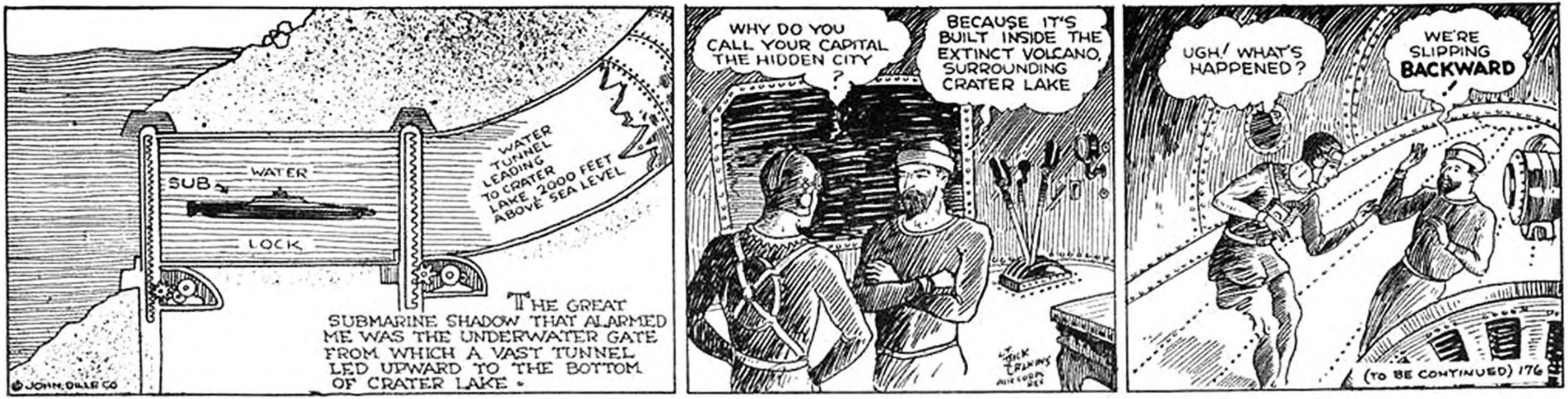

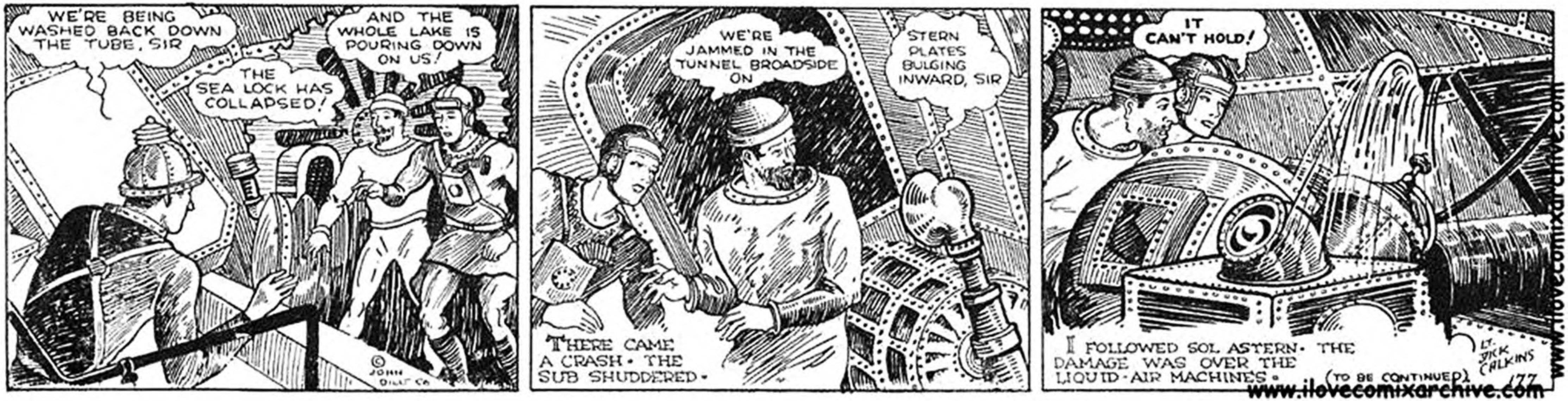

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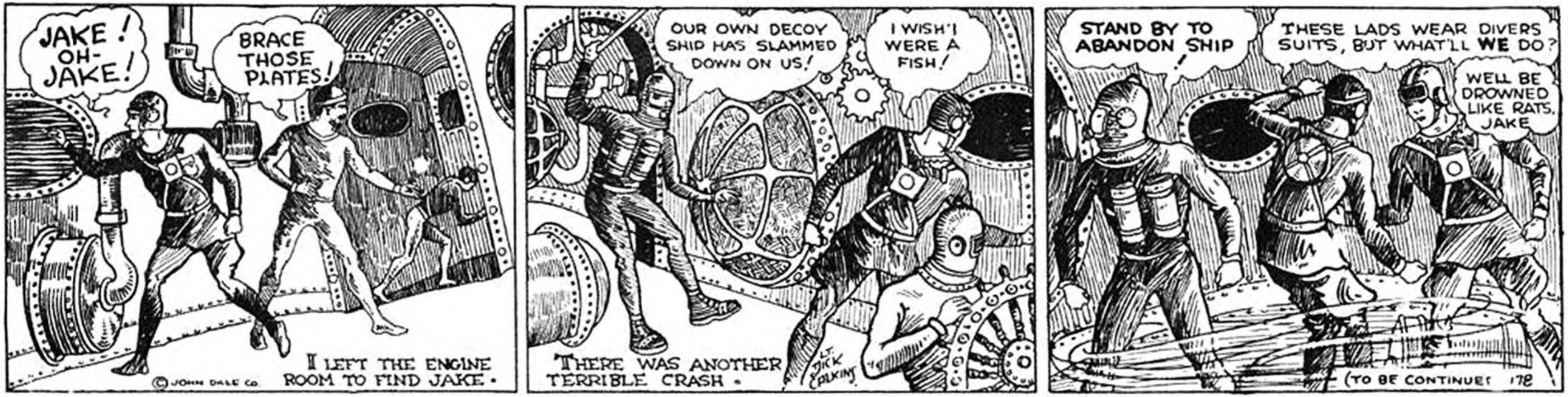

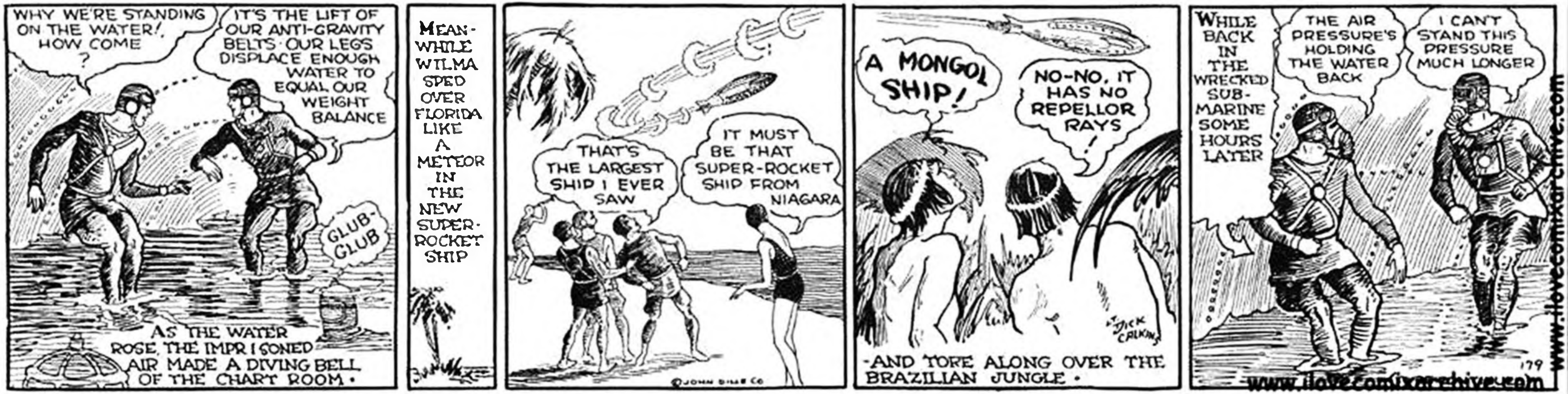

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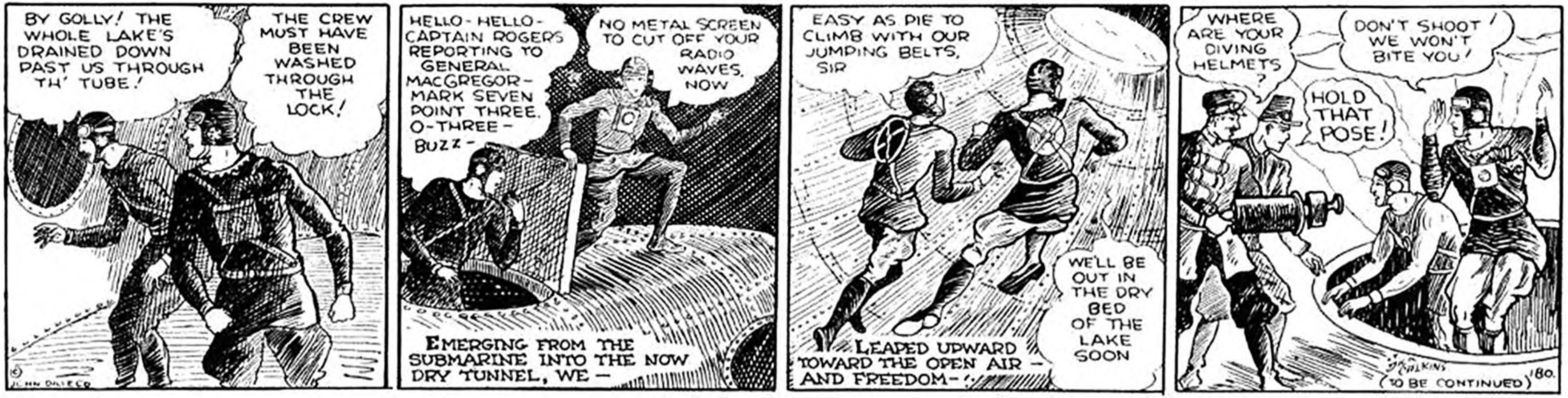

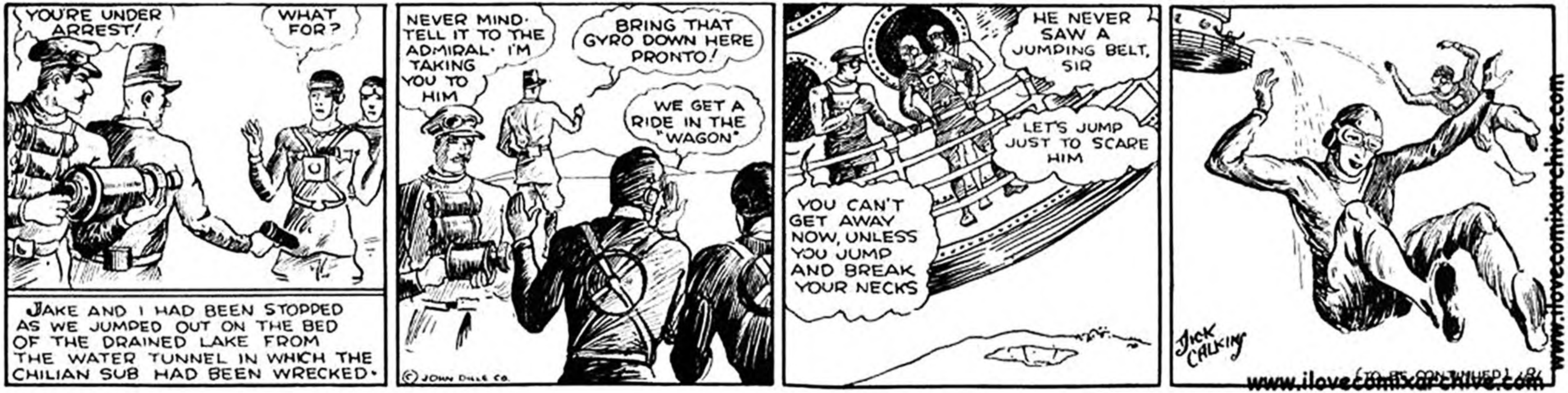

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HORRIBLE! I CANNOT LOOK.
NOW TO BOUNCE BACK!
THE CHILIAN OFFICER KNEW NOTHING OF JUMPING BELTS. HE THOUGHT WE WOULD DASH OURSELVES TO PIECES
NX-69-L
OH, IT'S JUST A WAY WE AMERICANS HAVE.
YEAH, IT'S A GIFT.
A MIRACLE! HOW DO YOU DO IT?
THERE'S THE ADMIRALITY BUILDING SIR.
I TOLD THE ADMIRAL EVERYTHING, EXCEPT THAT THEIR SUPPOSEDLY INSANE PRISONER REALLY WAS THE MONGOL EMPEROR
FINE TALK! YOU PROBABLY BLEW UP THE SUB IN THE SEA TUNNEL! HO! GUARDS! HANDCUFF THEM!
BUT I DEMAND WE BE TREATED AS GUESTS, NOT PRISONERS.
LT. DICK CALKINS
182

THE CHILIAN ADMIRAL HAD JUST ORDERED US IMPRISONED. BUT AT THIS INSTANT HE RECEIVED A RADIO-PHONE MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDER OF THE SUB, WHO VERIFIED MY STORY ——
STOP! FREE THESE AMERICANS! GIVE THEM THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY
ATTA BOY
SOME DUMP!
YOUR QUARTERS ARE THERE. BEYOND, SURROUNDED BY THE HIGH WALL, IS THE INSANE ASYLUM
YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL CITY HERE IN THE MOUNTAIN TOP
© JOHN DILLE CO
THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE CITY SLEPT, WE LEAPED LIGHTLY TO THE TOP OF THE ASYLUM WALL, THINKING TO NAB THE MONGOL EMPEROR
SH/H-H
SEEMS ALMOST TOO DARK DOWN THERE
TO BE CONTINUED
183
Dear Roberta Byron,
Certainly Feel perfectly free to write. I'm always glad to answer reader's questions. But send stamped envelope, addressed to yourself for reply.
Your friend,
Buck Rogers
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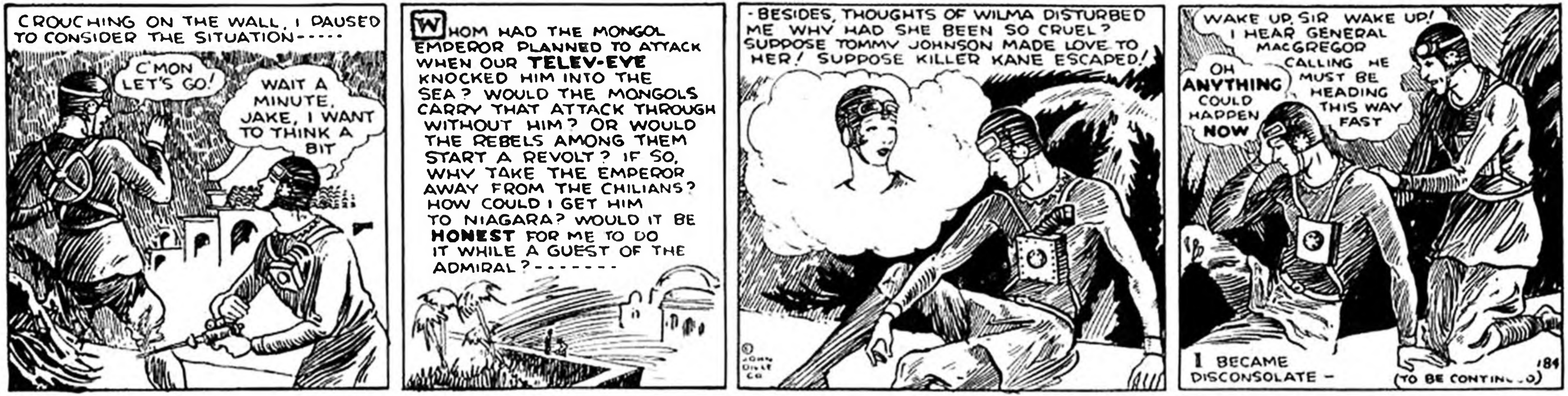

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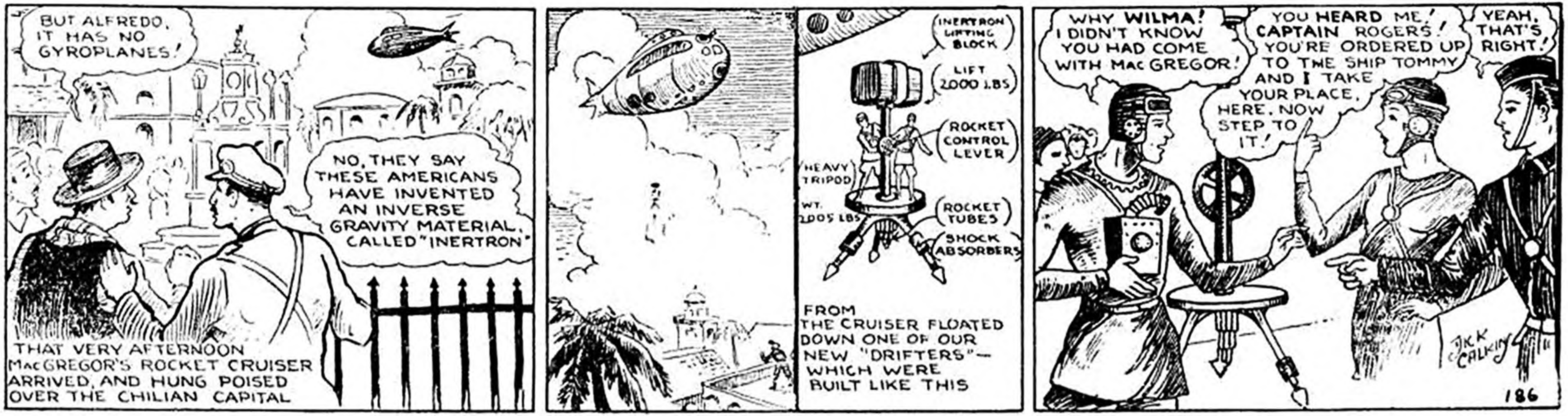

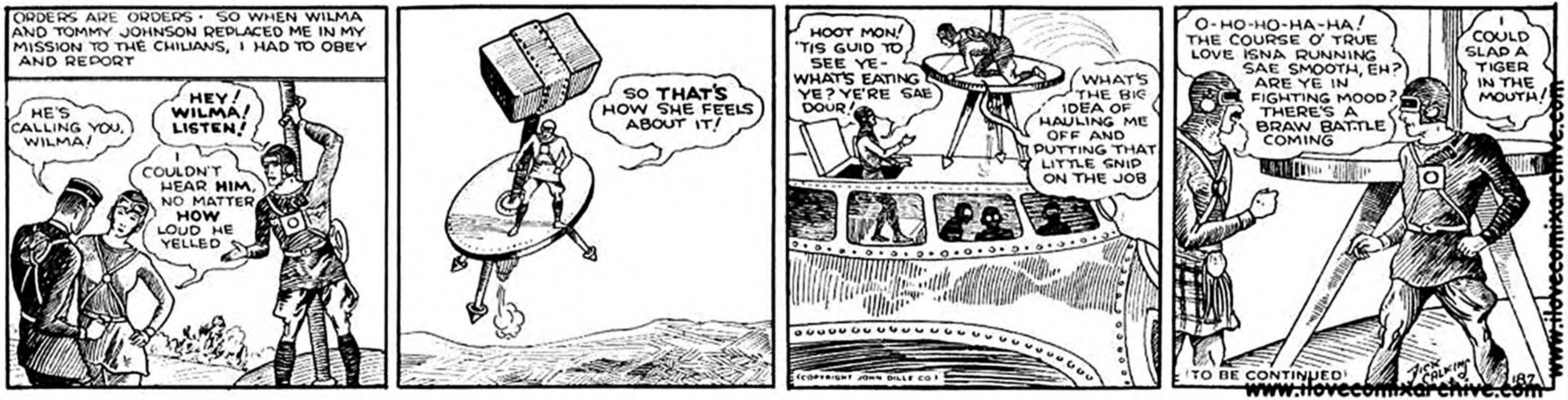

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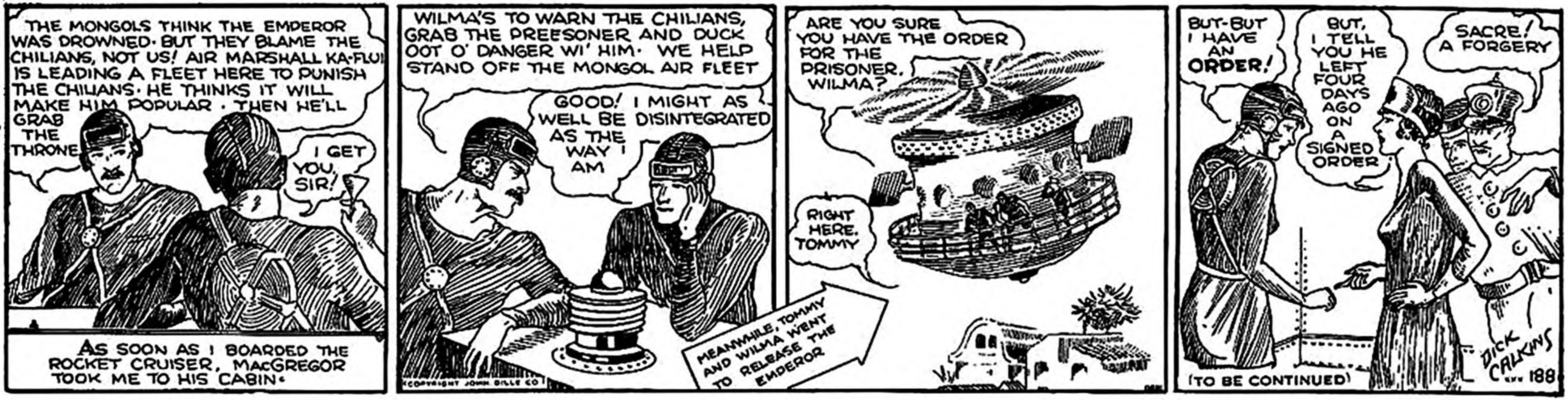

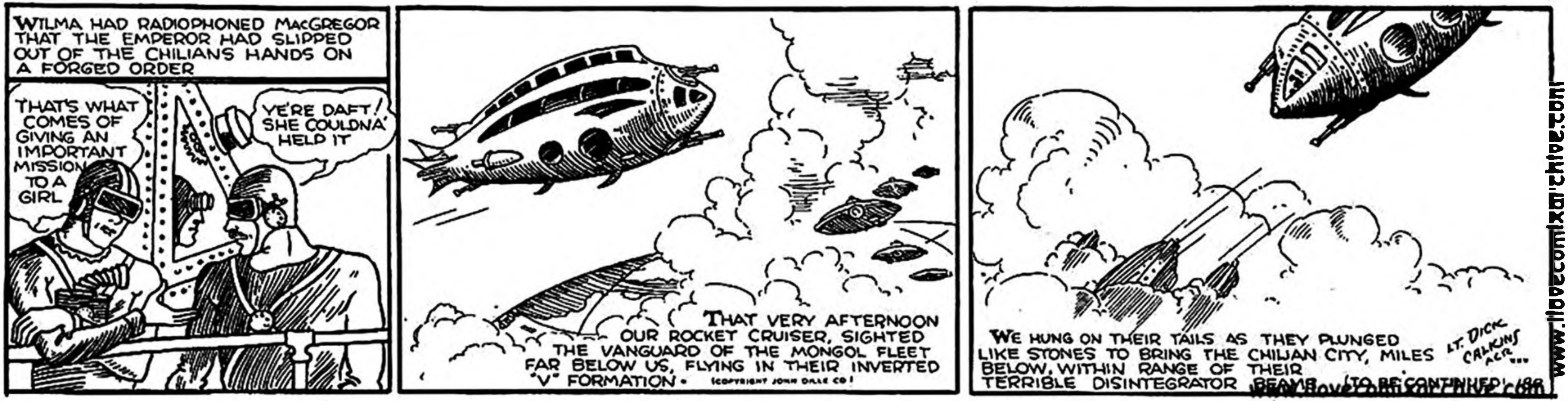

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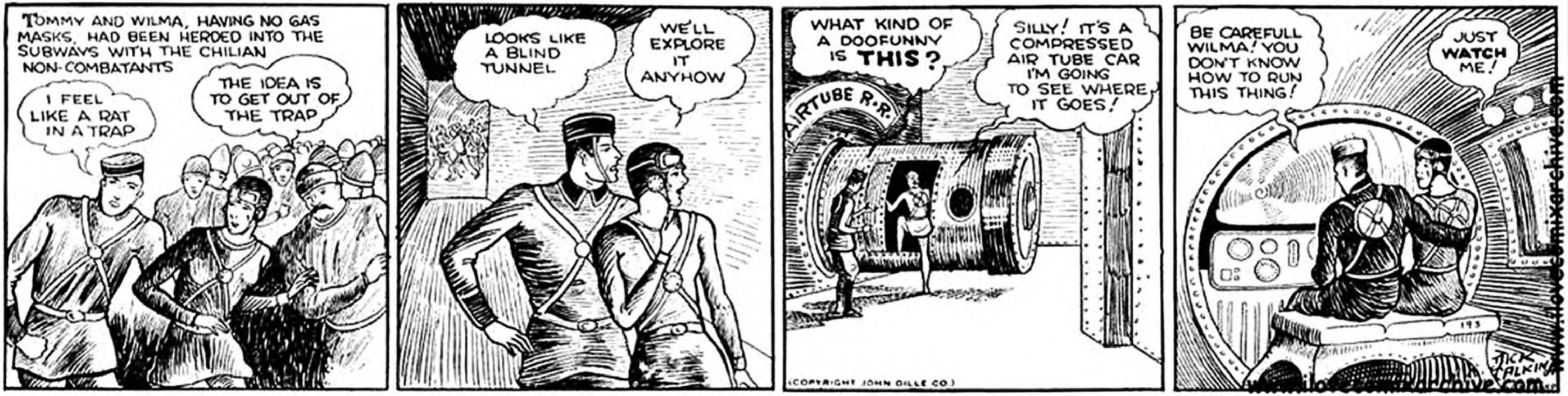
ANGLE 24-
DEGREES
67 - FIRE!
BUT THE CHILIANS WERE PREPARED FOR THE MONGOL GAS BOMBS
NON-COMBATANTS FOUND REFUGE IN THE SUBWAYS THAT HONEYCOMBED THE CRATER AROUND WHICH THE CITY WAS BUILT.
(COPYRIGHT JOHN DILLE CO.)
WE HAVE NO GAS MASKS, WILMA, BUT I'M STILL WITH YOU.
WHY WAS I SO MEAN TO BUCK? I WISH HE WERE HERE!
192
DICK CALKINS
AMONG THESE WERE WILMA AND TOMMY, WHO HAD TARRIED TOO LONG IN THE CITY.
(TO BE CONTINUED)


TOMMY AND WILMA, HAVING NO GAS MASKS, HAD BEEN HERDED INTO THE SUBWAYS WITH THE CHILIAN NON-COMBATANTS
I FEEL LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP
THE IDEA IS TO GET OUT OF THE TRAP
LOOKS LIKE A BLIND TUNNEL
WE'LL EXPLORE IT ANYHOW
WHAT KIND OF A DOOFUNNY IS THIS?
SILLY! IT'S A COMPRESSED AIR TUBE CAR I'M GOING TO SEE WHERE IT GOES!
AIRTUBE R.R.
(COPYRIGHT JOHN DILLE CO.)
BE CAREFULL WILMA! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO RUN THIS THING!
JUST WATCH ME!
193
DICK CALKINS
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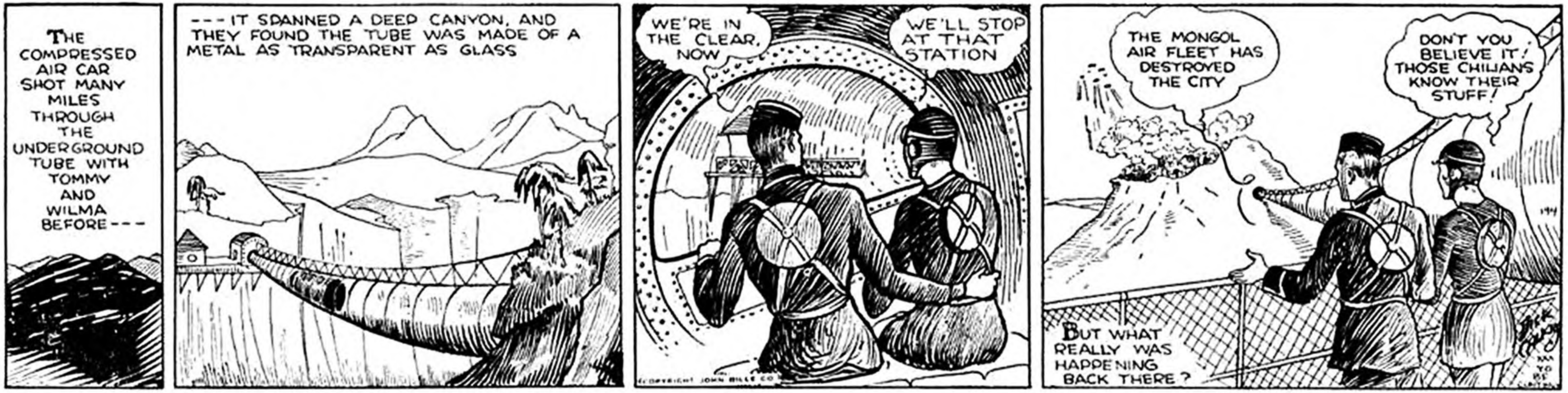

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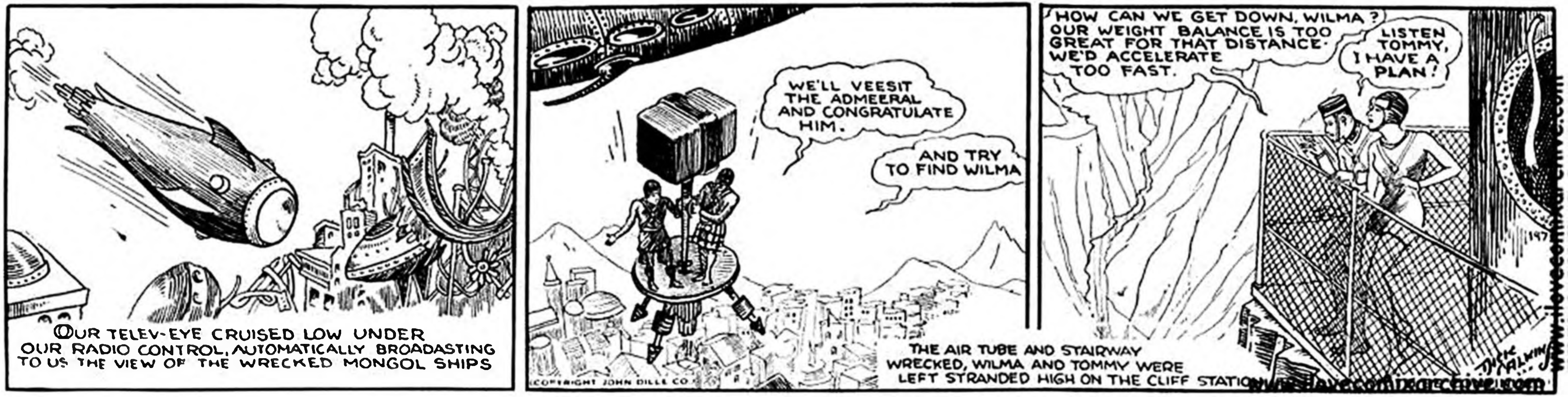
OH! OH! OOOOH!
JUMPING JUPITER!
THE CHILIAN "ATTRACTORS" PULLED MONSTER LIGHTNING BOLTS FROM THE SKY THROUGH THE MONGOL FLEET DESPITE THE DISTANCE WILMA AND TOMMY WERE KNOCKED OUT.
COPYRIGHT JOHN DILLE CO.
HOOTS! 'TIS TH' END O'TH WOR-R-R-LD
NO! IT'S CHILIAN LIGHTNING ATTRACTORS.
MACGREGOR AND I WERE NEARLY HURLED FROM THE BRIDGE OF THE ROCKET CRUISER
IT WAS THE END OF THE MONGOL SHIPS ANYHOW.
SHOOT A TELEV-EYE BELOW YON SMOKE SCREEN.
BUT HOW HAD THE CHILIAN CITY FARED?
146
DICK CALKINS
TO BE CONTINUED


OUR TELEV-EYE CRUISED LOW UNDER OUR RADIO CONTROL, AUTOMATICALLY BROADASTING TO US THE VIEW OF THE WRECKED MONGOL SHIPS
WE'LL VEESIT THE ADMEERAL AND CONGRATULATE HIM.
AND TRY TO FIND WILMA
COPYRIGHT JOHN DILLE CO.
HOW CAN WE GET DOWN, WILMA? OUR WEIGHT BALANCE IS TOO GREAT FOR THAT DISTANCE. WE'D ACCELERATE TOO FAST.
LISTEN TOMMY, I HAVE A PLAN!
THE AIR TUBE AND STAIRWAY WRECKED, WILMA AND TOMMY WERE LEFT STRANDED HIGH ON THE CLIFF STATION
147
DICK CALKINS

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DID YOU GET WILMA'S MESSAGE?
YEAH. GOT HER DIRECTION, TOO, WITH A LOOP.
I SHOT UP IN MY ROCKET DRIFTER AND TOOK COMMAND OF THE ROCKET CRUISER
TWO POINTS RIGHT--EASY--45 DEGREES DOWN
SHE MUST MEAN THAT VILLA WITH THE GARDEN LAND THERE.
WHEN WILMA SIGHTED US IN THE SKY HER VOICE CAME OVER THE RADIO
(COPYRIGHT JOHN DILLE CO.)
I'M CAPTAIN ROGERS TO YOU. I'M IN COMMAND HERE NOW. GET ABOARD SHIP--AT ONCE!
YOU CAN'T HIGH-HAT ME, BUCK ROGERS.
SH! WILMA, BE REASONABLE
HE'S JUST SO HANDSOME!
WILMA WAS NOT PLEASED TO FIND HERSELF UNDER MY ORDERS.
DICK CALKINS
200
(TO BE CONTINUED)

SENOR ENRIQUE, THE BROTHER OF MY MISTRESS RUNS THE AERO GARAGE IN THE VILLAGE.
A LIE! DO NOT BELIEVE HER! THE INGRATE!
AHA! SO WE CAN LOOK FOR YOUR MONGOL FRIEND IN THE AIR
THE EMPEROR SHOULD BE FLYING A SMALL GYRO. USE THE "BLACK LIGHT" BEAM AS A SEARCH-LIGHT, SO HE WONT SPOT US.
HE WON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME
YES SIR
NIGHT WAS FALLING AS WE SHOT INTO THE AIR.
A MESSAGE FROM HEADQUARTERS, SIR. THEY WANT YOUR PICTURE. SO MANY PEOPLE HAVE ASKED FOR IT.
BUT I HAVEN'T HAD A PHOTO TAKEN IN--ER--IN FIVE CENTURIES
I FEEL KIND OF FOOLISH.
SMILE A BIT SIR. THIS IS ULTRA-VIOLET TELEVISION. THEY'LL MAKE THE PICTURE AT THE OTHER END THEY WILL---
201
(TO BE

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LIKE CHAIN SHOT IN THE DAYS OF ANCIENT FRIGATES, THE HEAVY WEIGHTS SPREAD WIDE APART. BUT THE NET AND THE STEEL CABLE WERE DEWEIGHTED WITH INERTON.
SACRE! OUR LIFTING FANS ARE CRUSHED! WE FALL!
(COPYRIGHT JOHN DILLE CO.)
HOPELESSLY ENTANGLED, THE GYRO SWUNG LIKE A PENDULUM AT THE END OF THE CABLE AS WE REELED IT IN.
HE'S NOT THE MONGOL EMPEROR!
MORKE KA LONA! BUT WHERE IS THE MONGOL EMPEROR?
BUCK ROGERS! MY OLD FRIEND!
204
(TO BE CONTINUED)
DICK CALKINS

WE THOUGHT WE HAD NABBED THE MONGOL EMPEROR, BUT OUR CAPTIVE TURNED OUT TO BE MORKE KA LONO, ONE OF THE HEADS OF THE SECRET MONGOL ORDER OF GOLDEN DRAGONS
WHY ARE YOU HERE, MORKE, INSTEAD OF IN THE ELMIRA HEADQUARTERS OF THE GOLDEN DRAGONS, IN LT. BLAIR'S CUSTODY?
WELL, IT WAS LIKE THIS—
NOW! EVERYTHING SHOWN ON THIS SCREEN WILL BE BROADCAST TO MORKE
"ONE OF OUR SPIES SNEAKED INTO YOUR INTELLIGENCE OFFICE AND 'TAPPED' YOUR TELEVISOR —"
HA! I MUST CAPTURE HIM BEFORE BUCK ROGERS DOES!
"SO I ALSO SAW THE EMPEROR PLUNGE INTO THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA—"
(COPYRIGHT JOHN DILLE CO.)
IT'S THE EMPEROR!
THE CHILIANS HAVE HIM! I'LL FOLLOW!
"I ELUDED YOUR GUARD AND STREAKED FOR THE GULF—"
205
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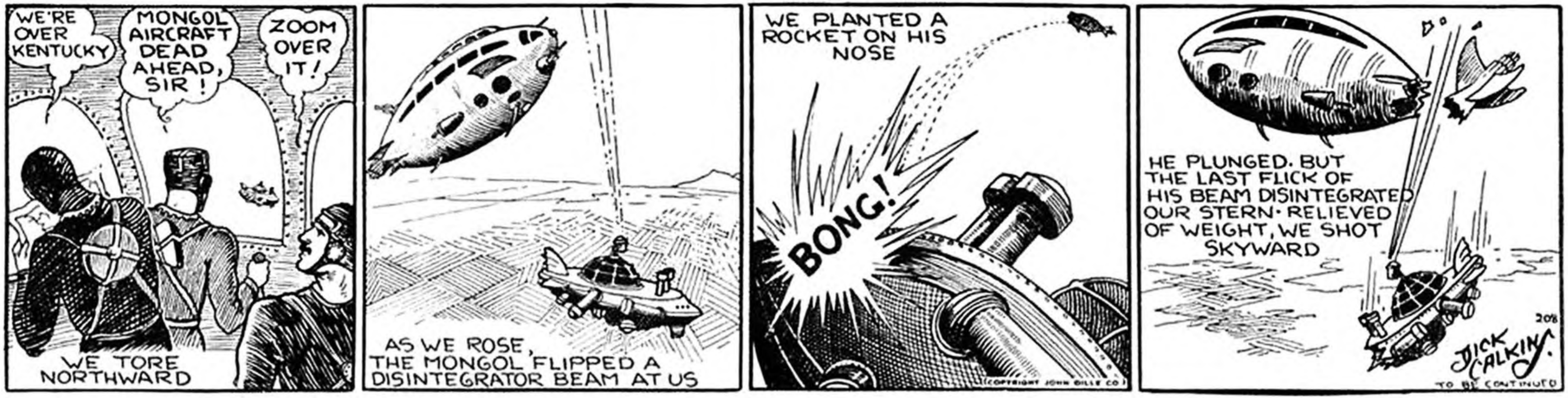

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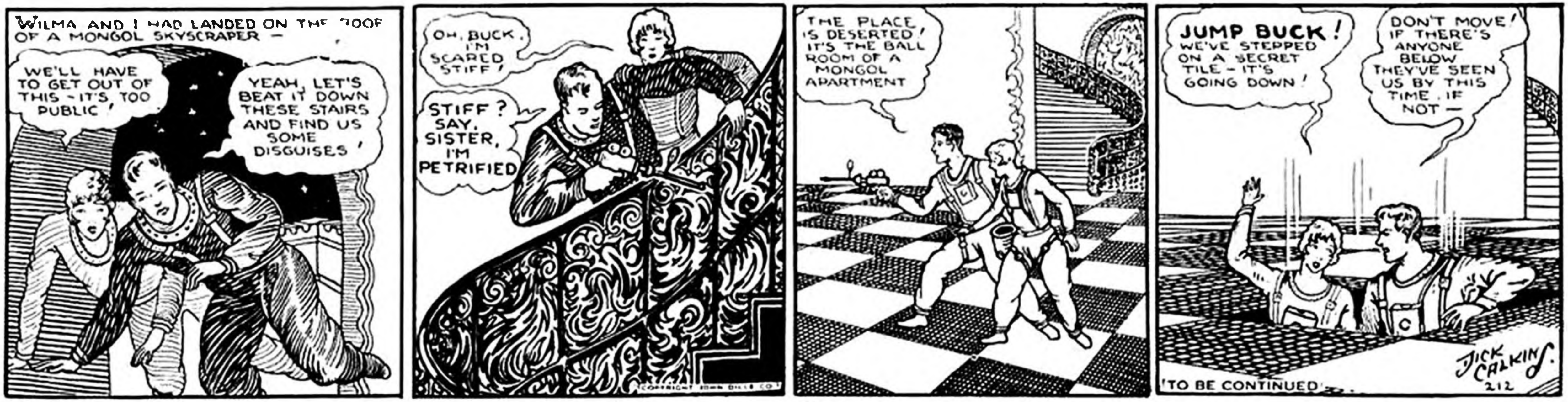

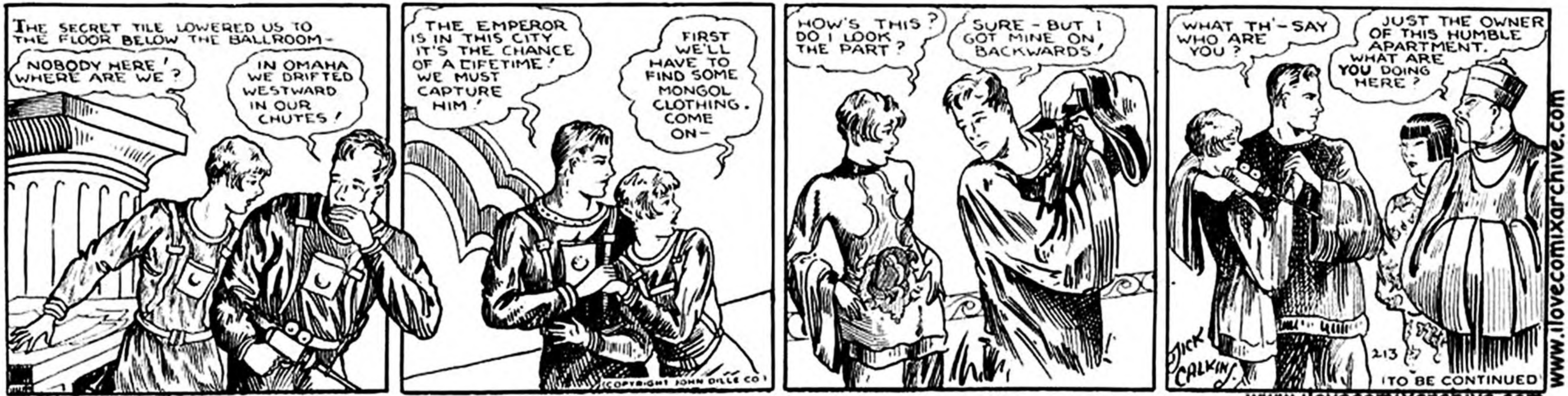

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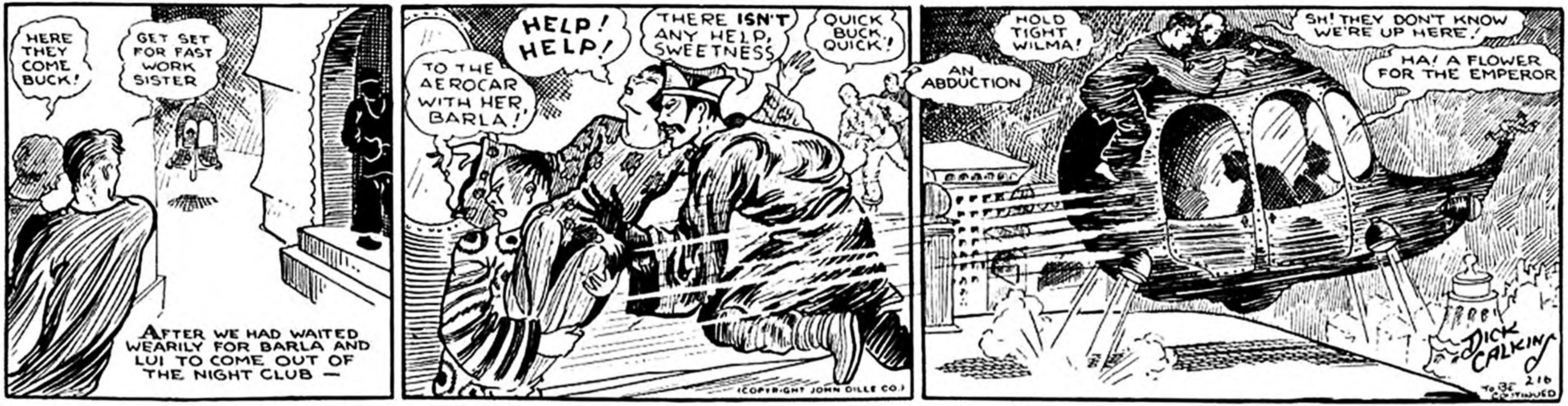

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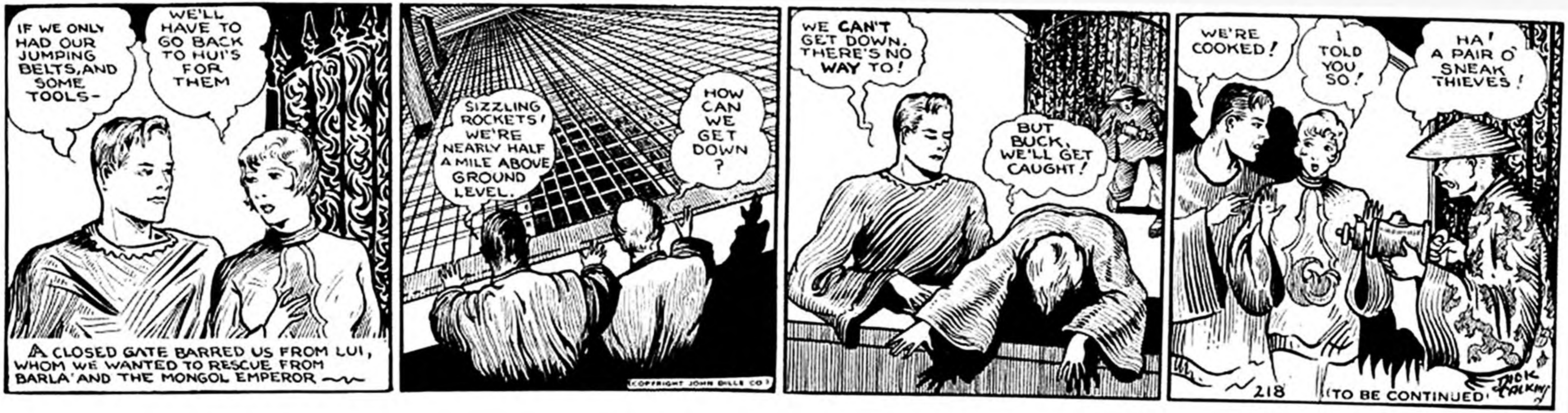

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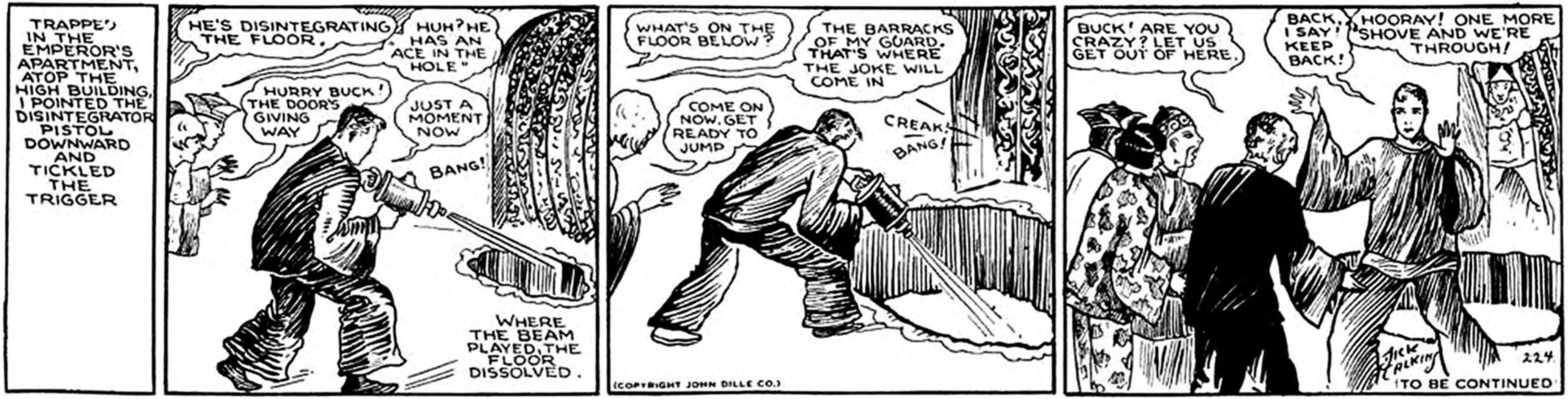

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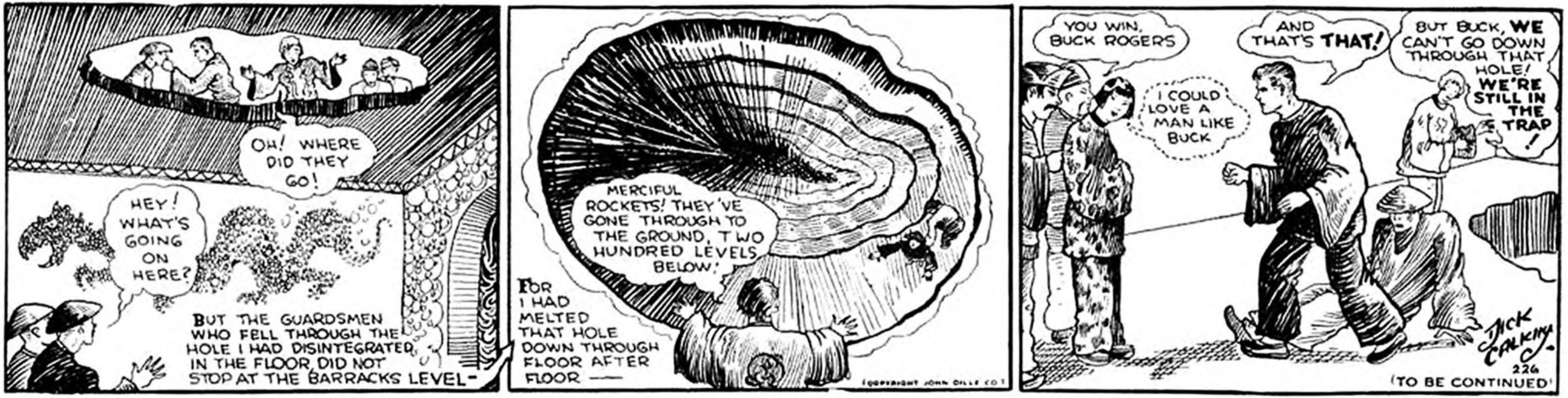

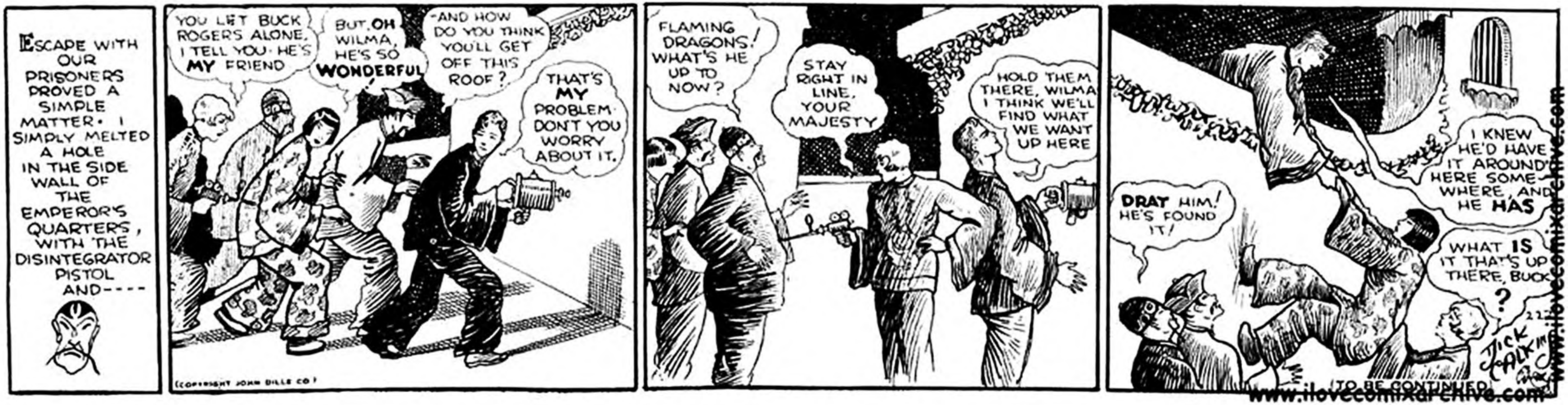

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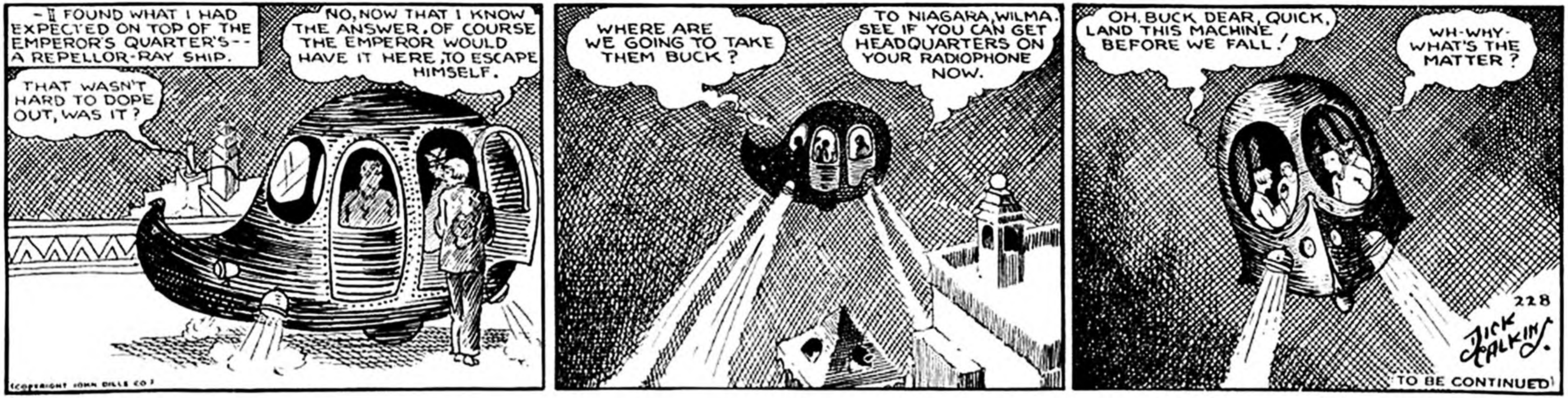
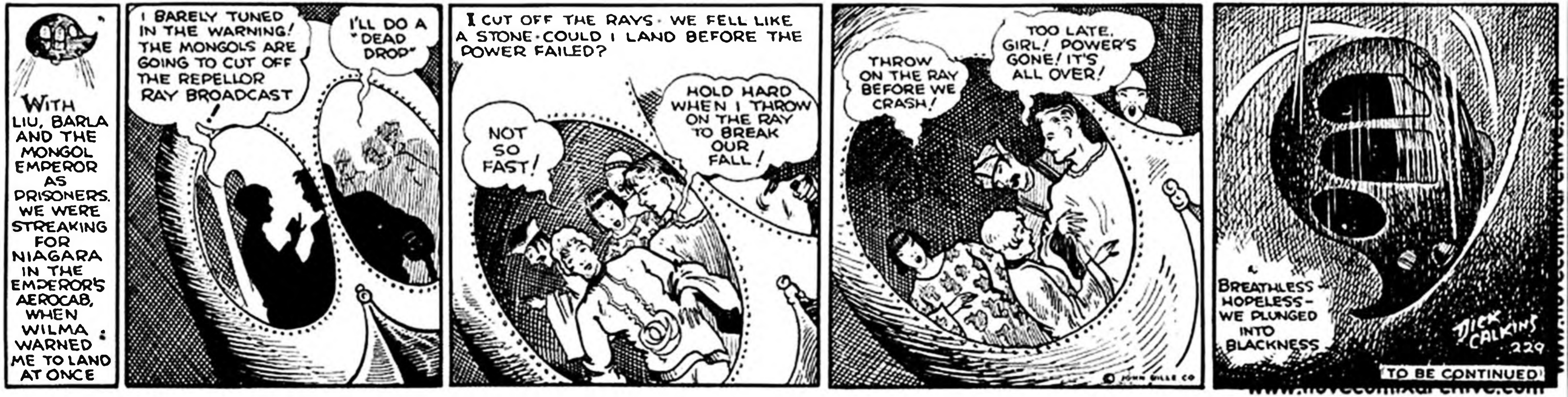


-I FOUND WHAT I HAD EXPECTED ON TOP OF THE EMPEROR'S QUARTERS-- A REPELLOR-RAY SHIP.
THAT WASN'T HARD TO DOPE OUT, WAS IT ?
NO, NOW THAT I KNOW THE ANSWER. OF COURSE THE EMPEROR WOULD HAVE IT HERE, TO ESCAPE HIMSELF.
(COPYRIGHT JOHN DILLE CO)
WHERE ARE WE GOING TO TAKE THEM BUCK ?
TO NIAGARA, WILMA. SEE IF YOU CAN GET HEADQUARTERS ON YOUR RADIOPHONE NOW.
OH, BUCK DEAR, QUICK, LAND THIS MACHINE BEFORE WE FALL!
WH-WHY- WHAT'S THE MATTER ?
228
DICK CALKINS.
TO BE CONTINUED



WITH LIU, BARLA AND THE MONGOL EMPEROR AS PRISONERS. WE WERE STREAKING FOR NIAGARA IN THE EMPEROR'S AEROCAB, WHEN WILMA WARNED ME TO LAND AT ONCE
I BARELY TUNED IN THE WARNING! THE MONGOLS ARE GOING TO CUT OFF THE REPELLOR RAY BROADCAST!
I'LL DO A "DEAD DROP"
I CUT OFF THE RAYS - WE FELL LIKE A STONE - COULD I LAND BEFORE THE POWER FAILED?
NOT SO FAST!
HOLD HARD WHEN I THROW ON THE RAY TO BREAK OUR FALL!
THROW ON THE RAY BEFORE WE CRASH!
TOO LATE, GIRL! POWER'S GONE! IT'S ALL OVER!
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BREATHLESS HOPELESS- WE PLUNGED INTO BLACKNESS
DICK CALKINS
229
TO BE CONTINUED

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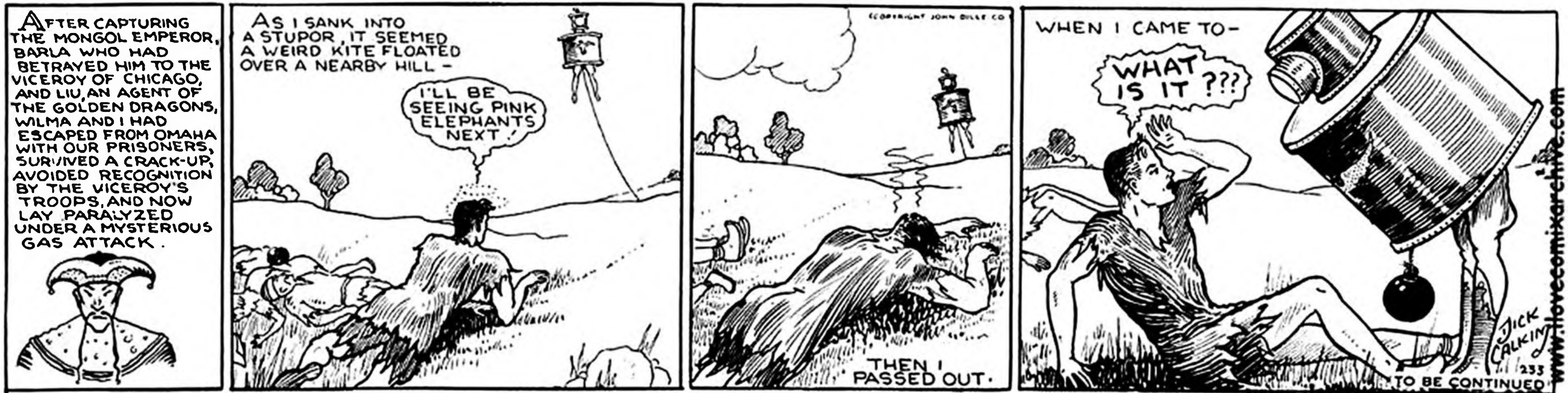

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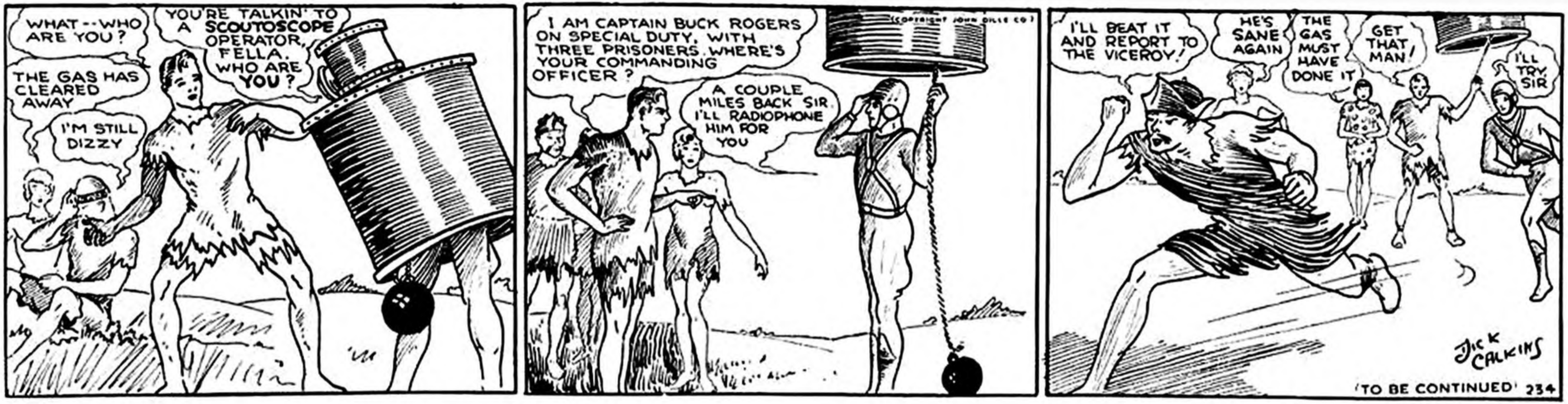

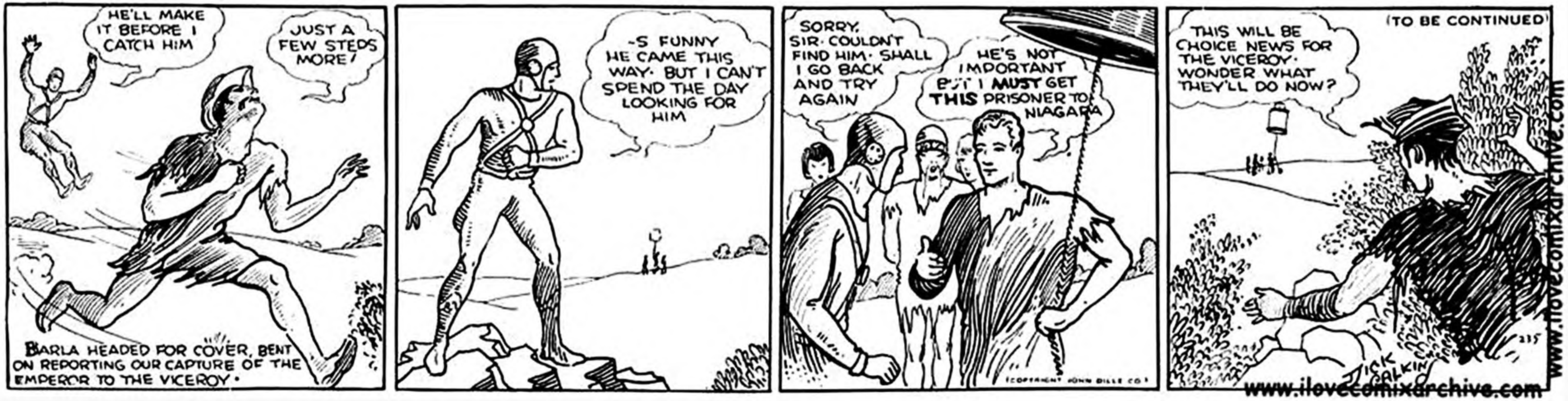

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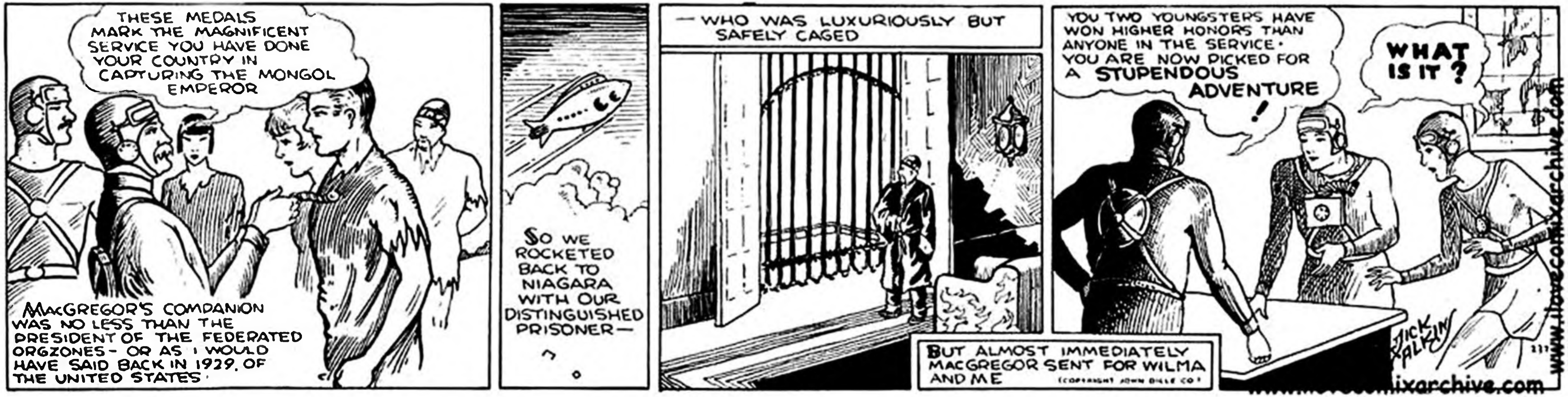

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